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LODON:
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9.

The Baptist State Convention
We learn from the *Greenville Patriot* that the decision of this body has been made in favor of establishing a Female College in the village of Greenville.

The Trustees are to make the transfer of the Academy lands to the Trustees of the FUPMAN University. The citizens have subscribed ten thousand dollars to the College and Messrs. McBECK, THOMPSON, DUNCAN, ELFOUR, WARE, STEWART and others, have guaranteed ten thousand more! The College will go into operation the first of January. New buildings will be erected as soon as practicable. The old ones will answer for professor's houses and school rooms.—[Charleston Courier.]

THE MARRIAGE OF LAKE MICHIGAN AND THE OHIO RIVER was celebrated at New Albany, on the 4th ult., with much pomp and ceremony—good speaking good eating and drinking etc.—The *Louisville Courier* of Thursday, remarks: "When the first train of cars from Lake Michigan reached the depot on Monday night, the entire city was in a state of jubilation. And well might the brave little city exult. Seven years ago she hesitatingly entered upon the construction of a road intended to be thirty miles in length. Now she witnessed the completion of two hundred and thirty-eight miles of railway. The magnitude of the enterprise, and the means to accomplish, were so wholly disproportionate, that had the undertaking now achieved been at first suggested, it would have met only ridicule.

Almost imperceptibly the work advanced. In whatsoever community the road entered, it found friends willing and ready to help, so that almost unobtrusively on the part of the managers, the New Albany and Salem Railroad has become the great internal improvement of Indiana."

In Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and California, the Legislatures to be chosen at the ensuing elections will each choose a U. S. Senator.

Horace Walpole says: "In my youth I thought of writing a satire on mankind, but in my age I think I should write an apology for them."

RATHER OTTUSE.—Travelling alone in a buggy, I overtook an elderly, honest-looking German, a member, as he afterwards informed me of the Lutheran church. I invited him to take a seat with me, and after a little hesitation he did so. On my asking where he was from, he said he was just from Arkansas, that it was a sickly country; he had taken a great deal of calomel and quinine, and had suffered a great deal. Thinking it a favorable time to spiritualize a little, I told him that these things must be expected more or less in this world. But, said I, there is a land where the inhabitants never say, I am sick. After thinking a little, he looked up and said, "I think that must be Wisconsin."

HOW SHE FELT WHEN FIRST KISSED.—A lady friend of ours says the first time she was kissed she felt like a big tub of roses swimming in honey, cognac, nutmeg and checkerberries. She also felt as if something was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little Cupids in chariots, drawn by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbows. Je-ma-sa-lent! What power there is in a full-breasted kiss—[Pleasant.]

Verily that woman, for she was a *truce* woman, appreciated the luxury of a good kiss.

Intelligence has reached Washington from reliable sources per the *Africa* which states positively the insurrection in Spain is spreading in all directions, and that the Government is seriously apprehensive of the consequences.

An Interesting Scene.

The Rev. H. VENN once told his children that he would take them to see one of the most interesting sights in the world—he would not tell them what it was, but in the evening led them to a miserable hovel, whose ruinous walls and broken windows showed an extreme degree of poverty and want. "Now said he, 'my children, can any one that lives in such a habitation as this be happy? Yet this is not all; a poor young man lies there on a miserable straw bed, dying of disease at the age of nineteen, consumed with fever and afflicted with nine painful ulcers.' How wretched! they all exclaimed. He then led them into the cottage, and addressing the young man, said, 'Abraham Milwood, I have brought my children here to show them that it is possible to be happy in a state of disease and poverty and want; now tell them if it is so.' 'Oh yes sir; I would not change my state with that of the richest person on earth who has not those views that I have. Blessed be God, I have a good hope through Christ of being admitted into those blessed regions where Lazarus now dwells, having long forgotten all his sorrows and miseries. Sir, this is nothing to bear while the presence of God cheer my soul, and while I can have access to him by constant prayer through faith in Jesus. Indeed sir, I am truly happy, and I trust to be happy through all eternity; and I every hour thank God, who has brought me from a state of darkness into marvellous light; and has given me to enjoy the unsearchable riches of his grace.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.—"Is your master at home?" "No sir, he's out." "Your mistress?" "No sir, she's out." "Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come." "Faith and its out too."

For London Free Press.
The Travail of a Night.

The sun had sunk beneath the western horizon; the leaves of the forest were unshaken by a single breeze, as I sat reclining, my weary head against the body of a large oak, which seemed from all appearances to have stood in defiance of the howling blast for many a long and bleaky winter. And in her Herculean arms she had hugged the red bottles of wrath, hurled by the God of storms. But like the old Pilgrim persecuted for righteousness sake, by the green arrows of malice, from the fiend vamps pires of grief, which had fallen harmless at his feet. And as I sat, looking out through her verdant boughs into the great concave of heaven; with a mind as vast as the waves of the sea; at times rolling aloof and seemed to wash the skies; then anon engulfed beneath the whirling pool, and again gliding tranquilly upon the surface of the deep. Thus it was with my mind at times contemplating the little stars (though worlds in magnitude) as they made their appearance along the purple dome. When my mind was struck with the beautiful and symphonious verse, which I had learned to lip whilst dandled upon the knees of my mother:

"Twinkle, twinkle little stars,
How I wonder, what you are;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

Which would have given zest to the mind of a cool and deliberate thinker. But to me all things solid vanishes like the morning dews before the red rays of the rising sun. I rose to my feet; pausing a moment and looking around, all was as silent as the charnel-house; not a voice was heard; the sweet gushing melody of the aerial songsters had hushed amid the dead of night. Fair Cynthia had just made her appearance above the eastern world, surrounded by a beautiful halo which added much grace and symmetry to her appearance. I moved slowly off sometimes living in mind days long since passed and gone. Which truly had often been gratifying for me, when wearied with the toil of books, to pass back to the scenes of my youthful nativity, and react again the scenes of my boyhood; but alas, they now seemed as so many daggers piercing my troubled heart. And again it would flit into the future, beyond the material world. But on I went, trying to compose my mind, but sometime elapsed before I succeeded in calming my wandering spirit; drawing it within its proper limits, placing it upon things present. I paused, casting my eyes upon my own person; I began to reflect where I was, and whither I was tending, viewing myself intuitively; I turned my eyes toward heaven, but the Queen of night was now riding high above in her silver chariot, when I was led to exclaim "wonderful art thy works, O God, and thy ways past finding out." I moved on again quietly, not a voice broke the silence of the night. At times my eyes scanned along the pallid skies, and again wandering in the path before me as the gay beams of the moon guided my feet along the trail, when of a sudden I espied in the distance, a small group of trees with their arms locked in each other as though they were holding the midnight caucus. I approached, and walked in their midst, though they did not pay any attention to me, as though I had been some inferior being to themselves; I looked up, but not a word did they seem to say, and then turning my eyes toward the ground, I saw that there had been several mounds of earth thrown up there, and a voice appeared to come forth in thunder tones, and address me thus: Oh young man, uncouth dreamer, thou art wandering beneath the sombre shades, in the land of death! Land consecrated and made holy to God. But not by the Goth, or the bleeding Gladiator. But dedicated by those fallen by the lingering hand of disease. Yes young man, you may pour over your books of learning, you may wander up and down in the world, but here ends your career. Here ends the great drama of life. Here lies the old Pilgrim, the emblem of yonkers oak, he struggled through time, the storms of life raged around him; but he braved them all and has found peace in the grave; nemo debet dici ventus ante suum obitum. Though upon the margin of eternity, like Moses from Mount Pisga's top he could view his Promise Land, yet it was through the valley of death. But the oak is yet green, and the forked lightning's ragged and fierce, or in red rolling balls may play through her branches, a while yet. But she at last, must cumber the ground.

JEFFERSON.

A "GREAT COUNTRY!"—MEX OF AMERICA.—The greatest man, 'take him for all in all,' of the last hundred years, was Gen. George Washington—an American.

The greatest doctor of divinity was Jonathan Edwards—an American.

The greatest philosopher was Benjamin Franklin—an American.

The greatest of living historians is William H. Prescott—an American.

The greatest ornithologist was John James Audubon—an American.

There has been no English writer in the present age whose works have been marked with more humor, more refinement, or more grace, than those of Washington Irving—an American.

The greatest lexicographer, since the time of Johnson, was Noah Webster—an American.

The inventors, whose works have been productive of the greatest amount of benefit to mankind in the last century, were Godfrey, Fitch, Fulton and Whitney—all Americans.

"Big Words."—A fashionable lady in Buffalo once said to a friend:

"My new house now 'directing,' is to be sublimated and 'splendidous.' There is to be a 'Porto Rico,' in front, and a 'Pizarro' in the rear, a 'lemonade,' the lawn is to be 'degraded' and some large trees are to be 'supplanted' in the 'circle' in the rear."

This is the same lady that told Gov. Clinton how remarkably stormy it is apt to be when the sun is crossing the "Penobscot."

An Auctioneer in California.

The reporter of the San Francisco News furnishes that paper with the following report of a speech made by a California Auctioneer:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I now have the honor of putting up a fine pocket handkerchief; a yard wide, a yard long, and almost a yard thick; one half cotton, and 'other half' cotton too; beautifully printed with stars and stripes on one side, and stripes and stars on the 'other'; it will wipe dust from the eyes so completely as to be death to demagogues, and make politics as bad a business as printing papers, its great length breadth and thickness, together with its stark color will enable it to hide dirt, and never need washing; going at one dollar? seventy-five cents?—fifty cents?—twenty-five cents?—one bit?—Nobody wants it? Oh! thank you sir!

"Next, gentlemen, for the ladies won't be permitted to bid on this article, it is a real, simple pure, tempered, highly polished, keen-edged Sheffield razor, bran spain new; never opened before to sun-light, moon-light, star-light, or gas-light; sharp enough to shave a lawyer, or cut a disagreeable acquaintance; or a poor relation; handled of buckhorn; with all the river and two at the ends, of pure gold. Who will give two dollars? one dollar? half a dollar?—Why you long-bearded dirty faced reprobates, with not room enough on your phizzes for a Chinese woman to kiss, I'm offering you a bargain at half a dollar razor and strap—a recent patent; two rubs upon it will sharpen the city attorney, all for four bits and a piece of soap—sweeter than roses; and lathers better than a school master; and strong enough to wash out the strains from a California politician's countenance, all for four bits—why have you only to put this razor, strap and soap under your pillow at night, to wake up in the morning clean shaven; won't any body give two bits, then, for the lot? I knew I would sell them.

"Next, ladies and gentlemen, I offer three pair of socks, stockings or half hose; just as you're mind to stock them. Knit by a machine made on purpose out of cotton wool; the man that buys these will be enabled to walk till he gets tired, and provided his boots are high enough, needn't have any corns; the legs are as long as bills against the corporation, and as thick as the heads of the members of the Legislature, who want's 'em at one half dollar? thank-ee madam, dollar.

Next, I offer you a pair of boots, made especially for San Francisco, with heels long enough to miss a man up the Hoarely grades and nails to ensure against being carried over by a landslide, legs wide enough to carry two revolvers and bowie knife, and the uppers of the very best horse leather. A man in these boots can move about as easy as the State Capitol, who says ten dollars? All the tax payers ought to have a pair to kick the council with, every body ought to have a pair to kick the Legislature with—and they will be found of the assistance in kicking the bucket, especially if somebody should kick at being kicked—ten dollars for legs, uppers and soles! white souls and miserable souls at large, are bringing twenty thousand dollars in Sacramento! ten dollars, ten dollars—gone at ten dollars!

"Next is something that you ought to have gentlemen; a lot of good gallowss—sometimes called suspenders. I expect some of you will after a while be furnished at the State's expense, but you can't tell which of you buy where they are cheap, all that deserve hanging are not supplied with a gallows, if so they would be nobody to make laws, condemn criminals, or hang culprits, until election; made of pure gum elastic—stretch like a judge's conscience, and last as long as a California office holder will steal, buckles of pure iron; and warranted to hold so tight that no man's wife can rob him of breech-cloth, in short as strong as good, as perfect, as effective and as *long life*, as the ordinance against Chinese shops on Dupont street—gone at twenty-five cents."

Wiggins says the Americans have a strange mode of salutation.—When a friend meets a friend in the street, he extends his hand, and asks, "how do you do?" The other replies, "how do you do?" Then both, apparently well satisfied, pass on, although not the whitest wisest concerning each others' health.

One of two gentlemen recently conversing about the Natural Bridge of Virginia remarked that there was an extraordinary incident connected with it, for that General Washington once threw a dollar completely over it, an achievement which has not been performed since.

"No wonder," replied his companion, "for a dollar in those days could be made to go a great deal farther than at the present time."

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—On Monday of last week, an interesting little daughter of Dr. Case of this city, only four years old, fell into a well on his premises; forty-three feet in depth, and containing seven feet of water. Strange to say, the child was rescued without having sustained other injury than a scratch on the side of her face. She had been in the well several minutes before the fact was known, and had been there twenty minutes altogether before relieved from her dangerous situation. She was found clasping the curb, which projected some six or eight inches under the water. In this way she had kept her head above water for twenty minutes. When taken from the well she was severely chilled, but by the application of the proper remedial agents, no ill effect followed. If the age of the child, the depth of the well, and the depth of the water, together with the length of time she supported herself in the water, be considered, it must be concluded that the preservation was indeed a miracle.—[Federal Union, 1st inst.

With four metallic qualifications, a man may be pretty sure of success. These are gold in his pockets, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart.

STRANGE MALFORMATION!—Extraordinary Birth!—A Simpson county correspondent, says the Paulding (Miss.) Clarion, informs us that a negro child was born in that county, on the 13th ult., which was thus singularly malformed: It had two heads, four hands and four feet, with the usual number of fingers and toes upon the latter. The strange aspect which it presented was that of one child sitting in another's lap, with head inclined to one side.—The monster lived only a short time after birth, but sufficiently long for the attending physician, and others present, to observe, with astonishment, its almost unaccountable malformations.—It was born at the residence of a well-known planter at Dry Creek, Covington county.

Short Patent Sermon.

My text this morning is contained in these words:

How soulless is woman!
How tender is woman!
How lovely is woman!
How child-like is woman.

My hearers—sure enough, how soulless is woman! She is an unguessable riddle—a most intricate enigma, a flower, which, by analyzing no one can tell to a certainty whether it be poisonous or innocuous—not always. She has been with man from the beginning, and he hasn't found her out yet. She is comparatively an unexplored country—an alphabet of hieroglyphics—a magnetic mystery. Nobody knows what her heart contains. Sometimes it seems stuffed with love, tenderness, and sympathy, and at others filled with nothing but grit and gravel. It won't answer to shake her if you do, you cause the acid and the alkalis in her nature to come in contact; and then such an effervescence takes place as might lower the ambition of pearls and diamonds. Like the mouth of April, she is all sunshine and showers. Many a tear-drop of hers, dries and evaporates in the warm light of a smile, ere it has a chance to fall; and many a bright smile is suddenly quenched by a sprinkle from some passing cloud of sorrow, about the size of a bed blanket. Griefs bubble up from her bosom, to burst in an atmosphere of joy, like autumnal flowers spring from the warm bed of her heart, to be cut down by the sudden frost of grief. A queer compound is woman! She is made up of modesty, boldness, beauty, silks, satins, jealousy, love, hatred, horse hair, whale bone, piety, paint, gaiety, gum elastic, fear's grease, sympathy, tears, smiles, affection, and kindness. She talks with her tongue, speaks with her eyes, is eloquent in her actions, and yet I can't understand her.

My brethren—how tender is woman.—She must be screened from the hot summer's sun, sheltered from storms, and protected from the blasts of winter, and yet, as she makes up her mind to it, she can out sweat the sun, and face a north easter. But inwardly she is as tender as the mercies of heaven—her heart is as much softer than the human as beeswax is softer than a brickbat, her sympathies are as delicate as the down under an angel's wing, and her love appears as fresh and unfading amid the sorrows of adversity, as the evergreen wreath that encircles the bald brow of Winter. Her tenderness is too tough to be destroyed by whatever change, fortune or time may bring.

My dear friends—how lofty is woman.—No matter whether born in a cellar, she can sometimes be so lofty as garret. When she once gets back up, O cats and broomsticks! look out for yourselves! She is as high as Olympus and as savage as a sausage machine. In her wrath she is as crazy as a bed bug, as strong as a tiger, and as terrible as a tornado. She can blaze away as though hell, heaven, and earth were coming to close quarters; but in a few moments it is all over—and nobody killed. When she comes down from the mountains, whence she has been rolling big stones upon the people below—softens down to a jelly, and becomes as quiescent as a goose pond after a tempest.

My hearers—how loving is woman.—Aye, she is amazingly sticky in her attachments. She will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a possum to a gum tree; and you can't separate her without snapping strings that no art can mend and leaving a portion of her soul upon the upper-leather of her affections. She will sometimes see something to love where others can discover nothing even to admire, and when her fondness is fastened upon a fellow, it stays there, like glue and molasses in a bushy head of hair.

My hearers—how child-like, withal, is woman! A plaything herself, she is fond of everything in the world's great toy shop. Her home is in the realm of fancy—her existence is a kind of ideal reality—her very miseries are mingled with a pleasing romance—her present is always bright and her future still brighter. Would that I were a woman to be pleased with every pose that pops its head above the weeds of a wicked world, and have no thorns to molest me while gathering the wild flowers of imagination! Child-like, woman is happy. Ticked with the straw of flattery, delighted with every rainbow tinted bubble that floats upon the wave of time—as antic as a young coon in the moonlight, and as merry as a cricket, she dances in the sunlight of joy, and seems to ease every endeavor to coax us male mortals into brighter and happier paths. So mote it be.

Down, Jr.

TWO MERRY SONGS.—Here are two songs that "sing themselves." The first is by Kingsley. By whom is the last we know not. These are both gems in their way, and just the things for a summer morning:

I.
The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer, and yesterday's frown,
Can never come over again.

Sweet wife,
No; never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay.

Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

II.
O, the merry, merry lark was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
And the merry, merry bells below were ringing
As my child's laugh rang through me!
Now, the hare is snared, and dead beside the snow yard,
And the lark beside the dreary winter sea;
And the baby in its cradle in the church-yard
Waiteth there until the bells bring me.

"LET ME IN."

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

When the summer evening's shadows
Veiled the earth's calm bosom o'er,
Came a young child, faint and weary,
Tapping at a cottage door:
"Waivering thro' the winding wood-paths
My worn feet too long have been,
Let me in, oh, gentle mother,
Let me in!"

Years passed on,—his eager spirit
Gladly watched the flying hours;
"I will be a child no longer,
Finding bliss in birds and flowers;
I will seek the bands of pleasure,
I will join their merry din;
Let me in to joy and gladness,
Let me in!"

Years sped on,—yet vainly yearning,
Mourning still the restless heart—
"I am tired of heartless folly,
Let the glittering cheat depart;
I have found in worldly pleasure
Nought to happiness akin,
Let me in to love's warm presence,
Let me in!"

Years flew on,—a youth no longer,
Still he owned the restless heart;
"I am tired of loves soft dance,
Sweet-voiced syren, we must part,
I will gain a laurel chaplet,
And a world's applauses win;
Let me in to fame and glory,
Let me in!"

Years fled on,—the restless spirit
Never found the bliss it sought;
Answered hopes and granted blessings
Only new aspirations brought;
"I am tired of earth's vain glory,
I am tired of grief and sin,
Let me in to rest eternal,
Let me in!"

Thus the unquiet, yearning spirit,
Taunted by a vague unrest,
Knocks and calls at every gateway,
In a vain and fruitless quest;
Ever striving some new blessing,
Some new happiness to win—
At some portal ever saying,
Let me in!"

Learn all You Can.

Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said, that, even in a stage coach, he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know before. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for the purpose of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose or silent, when you are among persons whom you think ignorant, for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuits.—Hugh Miller the famous Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations, when he was a journeyman stone mason, and working in a quarry. Socrates well said that there is but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand helps to make the heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets; and is not fool enough to throw them away, because he hopes to find a larger lump some time. So, in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good or instructive book, or in talking with the first person you meet.

Jeems, my son, keep away from the gals. Ven you see one coming, dodge. Just such a critter as that 'un cleanin' the door on the other side of the street, fooled your poor daddy. Jen my. If it hadn't been for her, you and your dad might have been in California, huntin' diamonds, my son.

Whatever be your condition inwardly—or outwardly—let not a complaint fall from your lips. Day may be poor and obliged to work hard day by day; but this world is a place of toil. Millions have toiled before you, who are at rest in the kingdom above. Are you abused? So was the most perfect man the world ever saw. Abuse will not injure a sterling character. Harsh words rebound to the speaker's own hurt. Are you cheated? So is every honest man. If you complain at every mishap—at every slander—at every dog at your heels—you will pass a life of misery. The best course is, to suffer without complaining, and to discharge all your duties faithfully as in fear of God. The man who has a snarl always on his brow, a scorn on his lip and a mountain on his back, not one of which he can muster courage enough to remove—is one of the most miserable. If you complain at the trifles now, before you die, you will embitter every hour of your existence, by your unhappy disposition.

VERY TOUCHING.—Here is a touching description of a moonlight scene: After whirling for some time in the ecstatic mazes of a delightful waltz, Caroline and myself stepped out unobserved on to the balcony, to enjoy a few of those moments of solitude so precious to lovers. It was a glorious night—the air was cool and refreshing. As I gazed on the beautiful being at my side, I thought I never saw her look so lovely; the full moon cast her bright rays over her whole person, giving her an almost angelic appearance, and imparting to her flowing curls a still more golden hue. One of her soft, fair hands rested in mine, and ever anon she met my ardent gaze with one of pure, confiding love. Suddenly a change came over her soft features, her full red lip trembled as if with suppressed emotion, tear-drops rested on her long, drooping lashes, the muscles around her faultless mouth became convulsed she gasped for breath—and, snatched her hand from the soft pressure of my own, she turned suddenly away, buried her face in her fine cambric handkerchief and—sneezed!

Mr. LEE, who has kept theometrical tables in Cincinnati for the last 15 or 20 years, says that Thursday, July 20, was the hottest day ever known before. His thermometer then reached to 99—and never before over 98. His instrument has always hung in the same place.

Laborers Wanted.

The New York Day Book says that large numbers of persons are out of employment. It is their own fault, for there is a great want of laborers in many departments. It is almost impossible to get any carpenter, plumber, painter or gardener to do the smallest job under three or four dollars. We know of a young glazier who, by setting six panes of common window glass, and priming a sash door, made in two hours four dollars and a half. Of course he could live a whole week on that, and refused to do anything else except at the same rate. A gardener trimmed two small vines, made up a few little flower beds, and spread over them a few bushels of manure, occupying not more than six hours, and the bill was seven dollars! Why would it not do to open an office for mechanics artisans, and agricultural laborers out of work? There is an immense demand for such persons. The principle trouble is, that men will not work at that which they know how to do for reasonable wages; and those who do not know how to do anything, want the highest wages going.

In the Bank of England no fewer than sixty folio volumes, or ledgers, are daily filled with writing in keeping the accounts! To produce these sixty volumes, there having been previously manufactured elsewhere, eight men, three steam presses, and two hand presses, are continually kept going within the Bank? In the copper plate printing department, twenty-eight thousand bank notes are thrown off daily; and so accurately is the number indicated by machinery, that to purloin a single note without detection is an impossibility.

The New-York papers state confidently that despatches from the Russian Government arrived in the Pacific, offering to sell to the United States the whole of the Russian territory in North America, comprising the western coast of the continent, from the Arctic Ocean to Observatory Inlet in lat. 55, on the Pacific, and extending inland as far as long. 63 deg. This territory comprises the best whaling stations in the Northern Pacific, and if annexed to the United States would give to our whalers important advantages. Its possession would secure to us the whole western coast of America, from the Arctic to the Mexican boundary, with the exception of that portion belonging to Great Britain, lying between 49 degrees and 54 degrees and 40 minutes, say some three hundred and fifty miles. Russia's motives in selling is no doubt to divest herself of territory that she cannot defend, and which she knows will be seized by the English cruisers if not transferred to the U. States. Indeed, it is said that as soon as it was known in England that the purchase of Russian America had been suggested to this government, the President was notified that the British fleet in the Pacific had received orders to take Sitka. These are, as yet, but rumors—they are not, however, improbable, for several reasons. It is known that a treaty of neutrality between the two governments has been agreed upon, and it is said that a special Russian agent will soon arrive in this country to negotiate the sale alluded to, and to present a proposition for promotion and extension of the commercial relations of the two countries.

THE KANSAS RIVER.—The Independence (Mo.) Messenger says that the Kansas river is navigable for at least nine months in the year. An acquaintance with its channel only is required to render it as good as the Osage and much better than either of the Platte.

GENERAL ARMING OF FOREIGNERS IN OUR MIDST.—Boxes of muskets have been seen to be carried into Roman Catholic churches in this city; arms are daily sent from Boston to various Jesuit agents throughout the United States, up to the present date, 50,000 armed and well disciplined troops, and that Captain Oliver Byrne and George Dowling have been actively engaged in organizing the Irish adopted citizens for several months past, the design being to arm and equip no less than 100,000 men within a given period. The Cincinnati Gazette is informed that a few days since a cask was deposited from a freight train, at the depot in Canton, Stark county, with the simple direction "Canton," upon it! This similar and inexplicable direction, led to an examination. The cask was found to be filled with pistols and bowie knives. Everything was carefully replaced, to see who would call for a package with such unusual contents. In a short time a Catholic priest called, claimed and carried away the cask. It is said that casks similar to the one above spoken of, are being sent in different directions over the country. Now is it not the duty of American citizens—Protestants—to know the reasons for this strange conduct? Our institutions are reviled; our flag insulted; and our citizens shot down for claiming the exercise of constitutional rights, and yet we are denounced as intolerant fanatics if we take the first step towards self protection. If we are lukewarm much longer, it will be too late to guard our safety.—[Phil Sun.

THE CZAR ON ENGLAND.—"Nesselrode always told me," says Nicholas "to beware of the English; that they were gold outside, but rottenness within; he told me so when I returned from England, a few years ago, with my mouth full of praises for the English, and he has not ceased to repeat his warning to this moment. I have at length got my eyes open to the full in fancy of their character, and I am going to settle the account with them to the full extent of my means."

Newspapers are life-preservers that rescue those who would otherwise sink into oblivion, especially politicians.